

THE PULASKI CITIZEN.

VOLUME 8.

PULASKI, TENNESSEE, FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 9, 1886.

NUMBER 10.

BUSINESS CARDS.

AMOS R. RICHARDSON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Will practice in Giles and adjoining counties.
Office in the Court House. Jan 1st

ALEX. BOOKER,
TONSORIAL.
ALEX. and CALVIN, Knights of the art Tonsorial,
invite the young, the old, the gay, the grave, the
idle of Pulaski, to call on them at their new
BARBERS' SALOON,
Over Taylor's store North side Public square.

T. M. N. JONES,
Attorney at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Will practice in Giles and the adjoining counties.
OFFICE.
West side Public Square, Up-stairs, over the Store
of May, Gordon & May, next door to the Tennessee
House. Jan 12, '86

P. G. STIVER PERKINS,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
PULASKI, TENN.
Will practice in Giles and the adjoining counties.
OFFICE.
In Drug Store of Perkins & Heaberle, east side
of the public square. Jan 12-14

J. M. ROBINSON & CO.,
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
NOTIONS, &C.
No. 185 Main Street, Between Fifth and Sixth,
Jan 12, '86
LOUISVILLE, KY.

BROWN & McCALLUM,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.
OFFICE—The one formerly occupied by Walker
& Brown. Jan 5, '86

RUTLEDGE & REED,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
PULASKI, TENNESSEE.
WILL practice in the Courts of Giles, Marshall,
Marion and Lawrence. Particular attention
given to the collection of claims. Office s. e. corner
Public Square, Up stairs. Jan 6, '86

DR. GRANT & ABERNATHY,
Pulaski, Tenn.
HAVING associated themselves in the practice of
Medicine and Surgery, respectfully tender their
services to the people of Giles and the adjoining
counties, and hope by strict attention to business
to merit a liberal share of public patronage.
Special Attention Given to Surgery.
Having had ample experience in the Army during
the war, and being supplied with all the appliances
necessary, they feel fully prepared to treat all cases
entrusted to their care.
Office near South-west Corner Public Square.
Jan 5-6m

May, Gordon & May,
DEALERS IN
Foreign & Domestic Dry Goods,
GROCERIES,
READY-MADE CLOTHING, HATS,
Boots, Shoes, Hard, Queens & Glass-ware,
JEWELRY, &C.
West side Public Square, near Tennessee House,
Pulaski, Tenn.
WHERE they will at all times be pleased to see
their friends and the public generally. Jan 12

Ezell & Edmondson,
East Side Public Square, Pulaski, Tenn.
Keep constantly on hand a full and assorted
STOCK OF GOODS,
Including great variety
ALL of which they offer at low prices—especially
their elegant stock of
Ready Made Clothing.
All kinds of Barter, all kinds of money, premium
and discount, taken at their market value.
Jan 5-6m

Sam. C. Mitchell & Co.,
House Carpenters & Joiners,
PULASKI, TENN.
ARE prepared to do all work in their line at short
notice and in the most approved style.
Window sash, Blinds and Doors made to order at
the best of prices.
FUNERAL UNDERTAKING.
We are prepared to furnish coffins of all kinds
and sizes at short notice. Jan 5-6m

FRUIT TREES!
I wish to inform the citizens of Giles county that
I have all kinds of Fruit Trees, which I wish to
sell, from the
ROSE BANK NURSERY,
near Nashville, Tenn., Truett & Wiley, Proprietors.
All orders filled promptly five miles north of Pulaski,
on the Columbia pike, or left with T. P. May,
Pulaski, Tenn. A. P. MARY, Agent.
Jan 12-2m

M. D. Le MOINE,
ARCHITECT,
Office No. 11, Cherry St., near Church,
NASHVILLE, TENN.
P. O. Box 875. Jan 1 '86-5m

NOTICE.
THE Office of Thos. Martin, President of the Central
Southern Railroad, is kept in the Counting
room of Messrs. Moffatt & Cox. Those who have
agreed to convert their tax receipt in the Stock of
the Railroad can do so at any time by calling at the
office, where he can generally be found. Jan 5-6m

[From the Edgefield Advertiser.] A Short Sermon.

BY THE OLD MURDERER.

"Ther's nine men a standin' at the door,
and they all sed they'd take shugar in
ther'n."

Sich, friends and breethring, was the talk,
in a worldly cence, wunst kommum in this
our ainshunt land; but the dais is gon by,
and the sans run dry, and no man kan say
to his nabur, "hoo art thou, man, and will
you take eny more shugar in your kaughy?"

But the words of our tex has a difrant
and a more pertikler meenin than this.
Thar they stood at the dors on a kold win-
ter's mornin, two was Baptists, and two was
Methodists, and five Lutharians, and the
tother one was a publikin. And they all
with one vois sed they wouldn't dirty ther
feet in a dram-shop, but if the publikin
would go in and git the drinks they'd pay
for 'em. And they all cried out and every
man sed, "I'll take mine with shugar, for it
wont feel good to drink the stuff without
sweetnin." So the publikin he marched in
and the bar-keeper sed, "What want ye?"
and he answered and sed, "A drink." "How
will you have it?" "Plane and state," ses
he, "for it aint no use wastin shugar to
circumsalivate akafortis. But ther's nine
more a standin at the dors, and they all
sed they would take shugar in ther'n."

Friends and breethring, it aint only the
likker of sperrits that is drunk in this
rounderbout and underhand way, but it
is the likker of all sorts of human wickednis
in like manner. Thar's the likker of mallis
that a many uv you drinks to the dregs,
but you're shure to sweeten it with shugar
of self-justification in one way or another.
Thar's the likker of avariss that sum keeps
behine the kurtin for constant use, but
they always has it well mixt with the sweet-
nin uv prudens and ekonimy. Thar's the
likker of self-luv that sum men drinks by
the gallon, but they always puts it in lots
uv the shugar uv Take-keener No. 1. And
lastly thar's the likker uv extorsion which
the man sweetens accordin' to surkumstances—
if he's in the flour line he'll say the
pore'll be better off eatin corn bred; if he's
in the cloth line, why it's a good thing to
learn 'em to make ther own cloth at home;
if he's in the lether line, it'll teach 'em the
necessity of takin' better keer of ther
shoes. "And ther's nine more a standin at
the dors, and they all sed they'd take shu-
gar in ther'n."

But friends and breethring, thar's a time
cummin and a place fixin, when thar'll be
no "standin at the dors" to call for "shu-
gar in ther'n." But they'll have to go
in and take the drink square up to the front;
and the bar-keeper'll be ole Satan and no
body else; and he'll give 'em "shugar in
ther'n," you'd better bleve it, and it'll be
shugar uv led, and aed-hot led at that, as
shur as your name's Conscience—er. And
you'll be intitled to your rashuns
three times a day, not more frequentlier,
and if you don't like it, you'll have to lump
it, and so may the ole Nick close down
upon all your silk palaverin around the
plane ole pools of brotherly luv, and gini-
rosity, and feller-feelin, and fare play!
Amen.

The Devil Turned Loose.
The veritable old devil has been seen in
Bracken county, Kentucky. In a late
number of the Mount Sterling Sentinel, a
statement is published which is regularly
sworn to by seven persons, named as fol-
lows: Nathaniel Squires, Sarah D. Squires,
Minerva Squires, Lucy Squires, Martha
W. Dale, Adam Fuqua and Jesse Bond.
"Standing to the right of the upper ne-
gro cabin, near the fence that separates the
negroes' garden from the house yard, was
a creature of gigantic stature and the most
horri-fying appearance. It was nearly as
high as the comb of the cabin, had a mon-
strous head, not dissimilar in shape to that
of an ape; two short, very white horns ap-
peared above each eye; its arms were long,
covered with shaggy hair of an ashen hue,
and terminated with huge paws, not unlike
those of a cat, and armed with long, hook-
ed claws; its breast was broad as that of a
large-sized ox; its legs resembled the front
legs of a horse, only the hoofs were cloven;
it had a long tail, armed with a dart-shaped
horn, which it was continually switching
about; its eyes glowed like two living coals
of fire, while from its nostrils and mouth
were emitted sheets of bluish-colored flame,
with a hissing sound, like the hiss of a se-
rent, only a thousand-fold louder; its gen-
eral color, save its arms, was a dull, dingy
brown. The air was powerfully impreg-
nated with a smell of burning sulphur.
The poor negroes were evidently laboring
under the extremest terror, and two of them
—an old woman and lad—were actually
driven to insanity by their fears. The
monster was visible only a few seconds, and
then vanished in a spiral column of flame."

The statement goes on to say that pre-
cisely the same apparition appeared at a
neighbor's house, except that its head ap-
peared like that of a horse; and at another's
with a head like a vulture; and at still
another's, with a head like an elephant's.

The Justice of the Peace of Bracken county,
Mr. J. G. Finly, certifies that the affi-
ants are credible and reliable persons, and
their statements entitled to full faith and
credit.

From the above description of the Evil
One, one may form a faint idea of the terrors
he must have inspired in the minds of those
who witnessed the phenomenon, and the
curdling of blood that resulted. The state-
ment fixes the time of his advent at Monday
and Tuesday nights, 12th and 13th ult.,
and is published in the Sentinel of the
23rd ult.

Of this terrible monster the Clarksville
Chronicle says: "Next to the Freedmen's
Bureau, the latest and greatest excitement
in Kentucky is the—Devil. He is there,
beyond a doubt, for we have read the pub-
lished certificates of several respectable
citizens of Bracken county, solemnly avow-
ing that they have seen the veritable an-
cient Henry himself—no spurious imitation
bearing the genuine proprietors' trade-
mark—but the very devil, head, horns, tail,
cloven-foot and all; and some have even
smelled the sulphurous preparation with
which his Satanic Majesty is supposed to
"ile his hair." We do not doubt the story
—we believe the "Old Boy" has been in
Kentucky for several years, and will have
to remain several years longer if he intends
to settle up and get all that is justly due
him. O tempora, O Kentucky, O the d—!"

Puzzles in Ancient Philosophy.
Among other famous ancient dialectic
problems, are the following dilemmas,
which are framed with wonderful ingenu-
ity, the acuteness displayed in their con-
struction being unsurpassed. The first is
called *Syllogismus Crocodilus*, and may be
thus stated:

"An infant, while playing on the bank of
a river, was seized by a crocodile. The
mother, hearing its cries, rushed to its as-
sistance, and by her tearful entreaties, ob-
tained a promise from the crocodile, who
was obviously of the highest intelligence,
that he would give it back if she would
tell him truly what would happen to it. On
this the mother, perhaps rashly, asserted:
"You will not give it back." The cro-
codile answered this: "If you have spoken
truly, I cannot give back the child without
destroying the truth of your assertion; if
you have spoken falsely, I cannot give it
back, because you have not fulfilled your
agreement. Therefore I cannot give it back
whether you have spoken truly or falsely." The
mother retorted: "If I have spoken
truly, you must give back the child in vir-
tue of your agreement, if I have spoken
falsely, that can only be when you have
given back the child. So that whether I
have spoken truly or falsely, the child must
be given back." History is silent as to the
result of this remarkable dispute.

Of a similar nature is the other example
above mentioned, which is even more ac-
curately stated: "A young man named Eu-
athlus received lessons in rhetoric from
Protagoras, it being agreed that a certain
fee should be paid if the pupil was success-
ful in the first cause he pleaded. Euathlus,
however, neglected to take any case, and
Protagoras, in order to obtain his fee, was
compelled to sue him. Euathlus defended
himself in court, and it was consequently the
young man's first suit. The master argued
thus: "If I be successful in this cause O,
Euathlus, you will be compelled to pay, by
virtue of the sentence of these righteous
judges; and should I even be unsuccessful,
you will be compelled to pay me, in fulfill-
ment of your original contract." To this
the apt pupil replied: "If I be successful,
O, master, I shall be free by the sentence
of these judges, and if I be unsuccessful, I
shall be free by virtue of the contract."

The story states that such convincing ar-
guments, thus diametrically opposed, com-
pletely staggered the judges, who, being
quite unable to decide, postponed their
judgment sine die.

Shan't have their Pulpits.
The Southern Christian Advocate, pub-
lished at Macon, Ga., has been asked if the
Northern Methodist Preachers, who have
been stationed in Georgia by Bishop Clark,
can use the pulpits of the Church of which
that paper is an organ. The Advocate re-
plies, "Of course not. They are not at
the pains to recognize our church; they
come as marauders upon our Conferences
and congregations; they wish to introduce
schisms among our people; and they and
all who join them from our ministerial
ranks are using all their influence to destroy
us; and while the church North, holds its
present position, not even Christian charity
requires us to offer them our pulpits, or to
fraternize with them in any way. Their
political and social doctrines antagonize
every instinct of true Southerners—and
they deserve no favors at our hands. Let
them take care of themselves."

QUERY.—The Newburyport Herald makes
the following impertinent query:
"Lucy Stone says: 'The cradle is a wo-
man's ballot box.' How about the legality
of double voting—voting early and voting
often?"

For the Pulaski Citizen. Harry Lee.

BY ELLA LILLIAN STEPHANSON.

'Twas a calm, bright eve, and the cool night air
Floated softly through the room,
And rippled the waves of golden hair,
And kissed the brow so smooth and fair
On which was the seal of doom.

The cheeks were flushed with a fever glow,
And dim'd was the flashing eye,
And on that fair, bright eve in May,
He "who had grown weary by the way,"
Had lain him down to die.

The mother bent o'er her only child,
—And out on the still air,
Swept a low, wailing cry of woe,
(Which none but those who have tasted know)
The stricken heart's despair.

Now see the frozen fiver-glow,
Flashing the dimming eye:
"On, comrades, on! the foe is near,
The muttering of the approach I hear—
The pealing, shrill war-cry."

See their banners fluttering on the air!
Hear you not the martial strains—
The war-steed's tramp, the thundering gun,
The bugle notes, the fife and drum,
Now floating o'er the plains?

'God and my home,' is it not the cry
Of each true-hearted brave?
Then 'bear your bosoms to the storm,'
And strike for your loved ones and your home,
Or find a coward's grave!

Courage, my comrades! bear ye up,
For see, the relief is nigh;
Hear their steady tramp—tramp to the right—
The waving pennons, the bayonets bright,
Flashing against the sky.

Hark! hear ye not that shrill, clear shout,
Sweeping o'er the gory plain?
It bursts from thousands of many throats—
List to the clear triumphant notes,
The full, victorious strain!

On, on my comrades! boldly on,
Where our banners flutter free;
See how their ranks? their lines now away?
Huzza! brave boys—we've won the day!"
Thus shouted Harry Lee.

The boy fell back upon his couch,
The fever-flush had fled;
With mourning hearts they bent him o'er,
Alas! he would rally them no more;
Brave Harry Lee was dead.

A smile still wreathed the cold, dead lips
Of him whose race was run;
They crossed the arm o'er his breast,
And 'neath the willow laid to rest
The gallant-hearted son.

TUCUMBA, ALA., Feb., 1886.

A Beautiful Idea.

Among the Alleghanies there is a spring,
so small that a single ox could drain it dry
on a summer's day. It steals its unobtru-
sive way among the hills until it spreads
out into the beautiful Ohio. Thence it
stretches away a thousand miles, leaving
on its banks more than a hundred villages
and cities, and many thousand cultivated
farms, and bearing on its bosom more than
a thousand boats. Then joining the
Mississippi, it stretches away some twelve
hundred miles or more, until it falls into
the great emblem of eternity. It is one of
the great tributaries of the ocean, which,
obedient only to God, shall roll and roar till
the angel, with one foot on the sea and the
other on the shore, shall lift up his hand to
swear that time shall be no
longer. So with mortal life,
a rivulet, an ocean, boundless and fathom-
less as eternity.

American Peculiarities.

Americans are peculiar in one thing—
they will sing a song to death. In our
brief existence we can recall many instances
of that kind. We remember how often
"Old Dan Tucker" was taunted with being
too late for his evening meal; how little rest
we gave "Oh Susannah" (we owe Susan-
nah a weighty debt), and how untracably
we alluded to the eyes of "Dearest Mac,"
those orbs that rendered moonlight entirely
superfluous. For a long time "The Poor
Old Slave" was allowed but little repose,
although he had ostensibly "gone to rest."
"The Old Folks at Home" were ruthlessly
torn from that quiet seclusion which their
age and infirmities imperatively demanded,
and forced to do duty in every minstrel
concert company in the land. "Old Dog
Tray," the faithful old pup, was for a long
time drawn by the tail through all manner
of brass instruments, wound up to an agoni-
zing pitch by piano keys, and made to
howl plaintively in four voices. The "Sil-
ver Moon" had "to roll on" by day as well
as by night, constantly performing the un-
remunerative task of "guiding the traveler
on his way," apparently regardless as to
whether the "nightingale's song was in
tune" or not. "Home Sweet Home,"
than which there was nothing sweeter, has
been so successfully divested of all its at-
tractive features that many people have be-
come satisfied to be wanderers for the re-
mainder of their existence. "Gentle An-
nie" was a great bore, for a time, although
we were constantly assured that "thou wilt
come no more, Gentle Annie," she still kept
coming. Then there was no calm to those
winds that "blew bitter across the Wild
Moor." We got very sick of so much
"blowing over the Moor. Othello, the Moor
of Venice, wasn't blow'd ever more. "Nel-
lie was a Lady," sang everybody. Well,
she might have been, but where an asser-
tion of that kind is made so often and per-

sistently, we are inclined to question the
foundation for the assertion. We have
heard young ladies singing "Who will care
for Mother now?" while their old mothers
were wearing themselves out in the kitchen
over the family washing. Then there is
"John Brown's Body." Instead of being
permitted to lie "mouldering in the grave,"
it was kept "marching on," with enough
knapsacks 'strapped upon his back' to sup-
ply a regiment with that necessary article
of camp and garrison equipage. "When
this Cruel War is Over" had a pretty good
run. The heartiest congratulations that
were induced by the termination of the war
arose from the fact that the people got over
singing "When this Cruel War is Over,"
etc. Now the popular tongue is singing
whistling "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the
Boys are Marching." We are in great
danger of being tramped to death with it.
You hear it on the streets, in the war shop
and in the billiard saloon, "Beneath the
Starry Flag we will breathe the air again."
We had been holding our breath, or else
breathing chloroform up to this period, we
suppose, but now we breathe the air
again." The air is breathed by a great
many people about now. What next?
We await the reply of the popular song
machine.

The Best Cure for Sorrow.

Attempts to drown the sense of misfor-
tune in strong drink are the climax of hu-
man folly. Intoxication eventually aggra-
vates and intensifies every evil which it is
invoked to alleviate. It has been thus from
the day that man first "put an enemy in
his mouth to steal away his brains," and
thus it will be to the end of time. No sane
and sober man denies the fact. Even the
habitual drunkard, in his brief intervals of
reason, shudderingly admits it. Yet thou-
sands of intellectual beings—many of them
richly endowed with mental gifts—seek
consolation from the bottle in the hour of
affliction, though revelation, history, ob-
servation, and instinct alike teach them
that of all the broken reeds upon which
weakness ever leaned, the false excitement
caused by liquor is the most treacherous.

It is passing strange!—one of those anoma-
lies to which philosophy furnishes no clue,
and for which we can only account by sup-
posing that a power independent of them-
selves, against whose influence mere reason
is no sure protection, betrays men into
ruin and degradation.

There are only two genuine salves for
sorrow—PRAYER and WORK. Trust in God
and keep doing, is the best recipe for every
human care. There are no wounds of the
spirit that it will not heal. Strength, for-
titude, patience, resolution are sure to be
vouchsafed to the unfortunate who ear-
nestly pray in the performance of their
temporal tasks, as the harvest is to follow
the planting of the seed. Duty is balsamic.
Peace is the child of worship.

Why Do Women Dress?

As we pass along the streets we some-
times look at the beautifully dressed
elegant women. Some of them are re-
minded of the words of the poet, "The
woman who dresses to attract her husband
and lovers, and to win the admiration of the
masculine generally." But it's no such
thing. Women do not dress to please their
husbands or fascinate their lovers. It's a
vulgar error. A fashionable woman is not
half as anxious to win the admiration of men
as to provoke the envious admiration of her
own sex. The truth is, men, as a rule,
know but very little about the value of fe-
male attire, except when they have to foot
the bills. Cost is the standard of woman's
excellence in costume. Ladies are consum-
mate critics too. No tradesman is a better
judge of the articles in which he deals than
the lady of fashion is of all the articles her
sisters wear.

With a single glance, rapid, keen and
searching, she can "reckon up" the habili-
ments of a rival in the *beau monde* almost to
a cent. No pawnbroker could come nearer
the mark. Imitation lace, jewelry, how-
ever *vraisemblant*, do not deceive her. She
can see through the cheat as easily as a
banker detects a forged bill. She triumphs
in the reflection that her splendors are ge-
nuine, and that her "set," sharp-eyed as a
lynx, can distinguish between tweedledum
and tweedledee. Mole-eyed man sees not
the difference, unless it is pointed out to
him. Is it not plain then that women dress
for each other rather than to command man-
ly worship? Of course they like to be ad-
mired by men, certainly, but to be envied
by their own sex is a supreme luxury.

If we of the South had not a life-long
knowledge of the grasping and unscrupu-
lous, but at the same time keen, untiring
spirit which impels the Northern Radicals
to compass our ruin, we should attribute
their inordinate hatred to sectional insani-
ty alone; but there is a method in it which
is not allied to madness—it is simply a
deep-seated and relentless purpose to pros-
trate the Southern people, if possible, at
their feet.

The man that thinks himself happiest, is
really so; but he that thinks himself wisest
is the greatest fool.

Good Advice.

We commend the following sensible ad-
vice from the Atlanta *New Era* to parents
and guardians and to those of our young
men who have no special calling. Learn
a trade or some useful occupation, says a
contemporary, and you will find that it will
prove your best friend when all others desert
you. The man makes the trade, not the
trade the man. The foolish man is unfor-
tunately entertained by some of the
people that it was not respectable to
mechanic, has been exploded, and fortune-
ate is he now who, regardless of a vulgar
prejudice, taught his children that it was
respectable to labor, and accordingly
brought them up to some mechanical or
other industrial pursuit. Its advantages are
now apparent; the man who has a good
trade and labors diligently, will always
make a comfortable livelihood, and be re-
spected by those of his fellow-citizens whose
good opinion is worth having.

LEARN A TRADE.—Teach your son to
work—to work with his hands—to combine
muscular power with brain power, and he
will seldom turn thief, vagabond or vagrant.
The great misfortune with a majority of
our young men is, that they have been
taught no regular trade or employment.—
They now feel sadly the want of this
useful training. Impress a boy with the
value of time, teach him some honorable
calling, however humble, and if he has the
max in him it will develop itself in time.
He will teach himself, from observation
and association with the best class of per-
sons, who always recognize and appreciate
true merit—to be, and not merely to appear
to be, a gentleman.

The silly notion, so prevalent heretofore
in this country, that physical labor is in-
consistent with good breeding, must give
way to a more practicable, a more sensible,
and more healthy sentiment. We will then
have fewer forgeries, fewer gamblers, fewer
drunkards, and consequently a less de-
mand for space in our State prisons. We
will have more workshops, more factories,
more schools, more and better filled churches,
and a more thrifty, self-reliant, intelli-
gent, hardy and enterprising population.

Singing is a great institution. It oils
the wheels of care and supplies the place of
sunshine. A man who sings may be said
to have a good heart. Such a man not only
works more willingly, but he works more
constantly. A singing cobbler will earn
as much money again as a cordonwearer who
gives way to low spirits and indigestion.
Avaricious men never sing. The man
who attacks singing, throws a stone at hi-
larly and would, if he could, rob June of
her roses and August of her meadow-larks.
Such a man should be looked to.

At a recent masked ball in Norwich, a
young lady was completely dressed in
newspapers. Of course she struck a
large impression; all the gentlemen
being impressed with the fact that she was
per duty—to fall in love with her.

Whether dancing
or whether her
leaders were the leaders of fashion. Of
course she could not object to having her
hand squeezed as an act of homage to the
press.—Punch.

A "Petroleum Patrician," temporarily
stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in
New York, desires to have a magnificent
mansion built in the vicinity of the Central
Park, next spring. Everything about it, he
says, is to be "sublimated and splendiferous."
There is to be a "Porto Rico" in front,
a "pizarro" in the rear, and a "lem-
onade" all around it. The water is to
come in at the side of the house in an
"anecdote," and some trees are to be "sup-
planted" into the "Erie" in the rear.

A keen-witted merchant who liked his
cups somewhat surprised his solicitous
friends by yielding to them and signing a
temperance pledge. But, to their horror,
they saw no change in his ways. They
remonstrated as in duty bound. He de-
fended his honor, and to wipe off all stain,
produced the document which he had signed,
and showed that it was invalid, as it
was without an internal revenue stamp.

The best thing to give your enemy, is
forgiveness; to your opponent, tolerance; to
a friend, your heart; to a child, a good ex-
ample; to a father, deference; to a mother,
conduct that will make her proud of you;
to a wife, kindness and affection; to a hus-
band, entire devotion; to yourself, respect;
to all men, charity.

An Irishman, comparing his watch with
the town clock, burst into a fit of laughter.
Being laughed at, he replied, "And how
can I help it? Here is my little watch
that was made by Paddy O'Flaherty, on
Ormond Quay, and which only cost me five
guineas, has beat that big clock there a full
hour and a quarter since yesterday."

A toast at an Irish society's dinner at
Cincinnati: "Here's to the President of
the Society, Patrick O'Raferty, an' may he
live to see the hen that scratches over his
grave."